



# MY FOUR GREAT BATTLEGROUNDS

*continued from preceding page*  
He shouldn't give you any trouble, Gene. You know Beagle loves you."

But Gene still hesitated. I didn't understand. I looked directly at him. "Tell me—what's the matter? Why don't you want to take Beagle? What aren't you telling me?"

Gene began slowly. Here is the gist of what he had to say: "Well, Senator, it's tough enough to get all the way from Washington to Texas. We drive for hours and hours. We get hungry. But there's no place on the road we can stop and go in and eat. We drive some more. It gets pretty hot. We want to wash up. But the only bathroom we're allowed in is usually miles off the main highway. We keep going 'till night comes—'till we get so tired we can't stay awake any more. We're ready to pull in. But it takes us another hour or so to find a place to sleep. You see, what I'm saying is that a coloured man's got enough trouble getting across the South on his own, without having a dog along."

Of course, I knew that such discrimination existed throughout the South. We all knew it. But somehow we had deluded ourselves into believing that the black people around us were happy and satisfied; into thinking that the bad and ugly things were going on somewhere else, happening to other people.

I never sat on my parents' or grandparents' knees listening to nostalgic tales of the antebellum South. In Stonewall and Johnson City I never was a part of the Old Confederacy. But I was part of Texas. My roots were in its soil. And Texas is a part of the South, in the sense that Texas shares a common heritage and outlook that differs from the North-east or Middle West or Far West.

That Southern heritage gave

me a feeling of belonging and a sense of continuity. But it also created certain parochial feelings that flared up defensively whenever Northerners described the South as "a stain on our country's democracy."

These were emotions I took with me to the Congress when I voted against six civil rights bills. At that time I simply did not believe that the legislation, as written, was the right way to handle the problem. Much of it seemed designed more to humiliate the South than to help the black man.

Beyond this, I did not think there was much I could do as a lone Congressman from Texas. One heroic stand and I'd be back home, defeated, unable to do any good for anyone, much less the blacks and the underprivileged. Before I became Majority Leader, I did not have the power.

I was part of America growing up—an America that accepted distinctions between blacks and whites as part and parcel of life, whether those distinctions were the clear-cut, blatant ones of the South or the more subtle, invidious ones practised in the North. This was an America misled by a mask of submissiveness and good nature that hid the deep despair inside the hearts of millions of black Americans.

So there was nothing I could say to Gene. His problem was also mine: as a Texan, a Southerner, and an American.

All these attitudes began to change in the mid-1950s and

early 1960s. I felt the need for change as Majority Leader when I led the Senate fight for the Civil Rights Act of 1957. We obtained only half a loaf in that fight, but it was an essential half-loaf, the first civil rights legislation in 32 years.

I felt the need for change as Vice President when as chairman of the President's Committee on Equal Employment Opportunity, I came face to face with the deep-seated discrimination that afflicts our

entire economic system, North and South.

I felt the need for change in the spring of 1963 when events in Birmingham, Alabama, showed the world the glaring contrast between the restraint of the black demonstrators and the brutality of the white policemen. I reflected these feelings at Gettysburg on May 30, 1963, when I spoke at Memorial Day services commemorating the one hundredth anniversary of the Battle of Gettysburg:

"One hundred years ago, the slave was freed. One hundred years later, the Negro remains in bondage to the colour of his skin. The Negro today asks justice. We do not answer him—we do not answer those who lie beneath this soil—when we reply to the Negro by asking, 'Patience.'

But nothing makes a man come to grips more directly with his conscience than the Presidency. In that house of decision, the White House, a man becomes his commitments. He understands who he really is. He learns what he genuinely wants to be.

So it was for me. When I sat in the Oval Office after President Kennedy died and reflected on civil rights, there was no question in my mind as to what I would do. I knew that, as President and as a man, I would use every ounce of strength I possessed to gain justice for the black American. My strength as President was then tenuous—I had not been elected to that office. But I recognised that the moral force of the Presidency is often stronger than the political force. I knew that a President can appeal to the best in our people or the worst.

Even the strongest supporters of President Kennedy's civil rights Bill in 1963 expected parts of it to be watered down in order to avert a Senate filibuster.

I made my position unmistakably clear: We were not prepared to compromise in any way. "So far as this Admini-

stration is concerned," I told a Press conference, "its position is firm." I wanted absolutely no room for bargaining.

Another important consideration was that my old friend, the Southern legislative leader Senator Richard Russell of Georgia, should understand my unyielding position, even though it would force him and the other opponents of the Bill to go for all or nothing.

One could not persuade Senator Russell by sweet talk, hard talk, or any kind of talk. He respected action, not words.

As a friend, who knew me well, he recognized that I would not accept a watered-down, ineffective bill. On January 24 1964, Senator Russell publicly acknowledged that fact:

"I have no doubt that [the President] intends to throw the full weight of his powerful office and the full force of his personality—both of which are considerable—to secure passage of this programme.... Although I differ—and differ vigorously—with President Johnson on this so-called civil rights question... I expect to support the President just as strongly when I think he is right as I intend to oppose him when I think he is wrong."

These few words shaped the entire struggle. It would be a fight to total victory or total defeat without appeasement or attrition. The battle would be fought with dignity and perhaps with sorrow, but not with anger or bitterness. We would win, by securing cloture, which sets a time limit on debate, thus precluding a filibuster; or we would lose.

One man held the key to obtaining only half a loaf in that Leader of the Senate, Everett Dirksen. Dirksen could play politics as well as any man. But I knew something else about him. I based a great deal of my strategy on an understanding of Dirksen's deep-rooted patriotism.

I gave to this fight everything I had in prestige, power, and commitment. At the same time, I deliberately tried to tone down my personal involvement in the daily struggle so that my colleagues on the Hill could take tactical responsibility—and credit; so that a hero's niche could be carved out for Senator Dirksen, not me.

As the debate continued, a new and disturbing element of public opinion came into play. Governor George Wallace of Alabama had declared himself a candidate for President and had entered the Democratic primaries in Indiana, Maryland, and Wisconsin with an emotional campaign of opposition to civil rights and a thinly veiled racial call for law and order. Most analysts predicted that he would receive 10 per cent of the vote; his actual total was more than tripled that prediction.

In this critical hour Senator Dirksen came through, as I had hoped he would. He knew his country's future was at stake.

He knew what he could do to help. He knew what he had to do as a leader. On June 10 he took the floor of the Senate to say:

"The time has come for equality of opportunity in sharing in government, in education, and in employment. But America grows. America changes."

With this speech, Dirksen sounded the death knell for the Southern strategy of filibuster. For the first time in history the Senate voted cloture on a civil rights Bill. The battle was over. The Bill was assured of passage.

Three weeks later the Congress passed the Civil Rights Act of 1964, the most sweeping civil rights measure enacted in the twentieth century.

I signed the Bill in the East Room of the White House. My thoughts went back to the afternoon a decade before when there was absolutely nothing I could say to Gene Williams, or to any black man, or to myself. That had been the day I first realised the sad truth: that to the extent Negroes were imprisoned, so was I. On July 2, 1964, I knew the positive side of that same truth: that to the extent Negroes were free, really free, so was I. And so was my country.

**THERE WAS AN OLD SAYING**, "The kids is where the money ain't," which summed up one of the major problems confronting the American educational system when I became President. By the 1960s the public schools were in a state of crisis, beset by problems that had been multiplying since World War II. Classrooms were overcrowded. Teaching staffs



Lady Bird "touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country."

were undemanded and underpaid.

The impact was heaviest in the neighbourhoods of the poor, where the need was greatest. Six out of every ten students who reached the tenth grade in those areas could be expected to drop out of high school. The consequences for the country were frightening. Federal aid was urgently needed to avert disaster.

Presidents had been trying to provide federal aid to the schools since the days of Andrew Jackson. None had succeeded.

Three formidable barriers had blocked every effort. One stumbling block had been the issue of granting federal aid to segregated school systems. But the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which prohibited grants of federal funds to any segregated institution or activity, now minimised this problem.

The other two objections—fear of Government control of the schools and the issue of Church and State—were still strongly entrenched.

The dispute over federal grants directly to the states would, we hoped, reassure doubters that the Federal Government would not endeavour to take over local school boards. The Catholics seemed likely to be satisfied, because children in parochial schools would also benefit.

As we were hammering out the programme, we were also developing a strategy to overcome congressional obstacles. I resolved to put the entire power and prestige of the Presidency behind it.

Opposition was too strong to vanish overnight. The Catholics were maintaining a wary stance, backing the Bill quietly but threatening to oppose it openly if a provision was added permitting a constitutional test of aid to private schools. A convention of B'nai B'rith voiced concern a few days after I had addressed it. Southerners were afraid their poor rural districts would not fare as well as Northern urban ghettos.

But slowly, in curious ways, opposition melted. Billy Graham came to see me one day while the issue was still before the Congress, and we went for a swim in the White House pool. A call came in from a prominent—and irate—Baptist leader who wanted to complain about what he considered the unfair advantage we were giving the Catholics in the legislation. Bill Moyers, a former Baptist preacher, who had worked long and effectively on the Bill, took the call. After listening to the man's objections, he explained that I was in the swimming pool, but that he could have the call transferred.

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plied. "Just give the President my very warm regards."

On Sunday, April 11, I signed the Elementary and Secondary Education Act into law.

I signed in the one-room schoolhouse near Stonewall, Texas, where my own education had begun. I asked my first teacher, Mrs Kathryn Deadrich Loney—"Miss Kate"—to come back from California to sit by my side as I signed the bill. Present too were other students of hers, and mine. For me, a pattern had come full circle in the course of 50 years. My education had begun with what I learned in that schoolroom. Now what I had learned and experienced since that time had brought me back to fulfil a dream.

As President of the United States, I said on that occasion, "I believe deeply that no law I have signed or will ever sign means more to the future of America." But perhaps the Bill's impact was summed up best in the words of a boy from a poor family in Iowa. "Happiness," he said, "is two teachers so you can be helped when you need it."

There is another challenge we face. We must recognise that in ways both subtle and serious we have disturbed the delicate balance in nature.

The first time Lady Bird and I took a vacation together after we left the White House, we went to Mexico. Lady Bird got into a conversation with a young scientist who had been assigned the job of eradicating mosquitoes and flies in a Mexican village. He and his fellow workers sprayed the community liberally with a powerful insecticide. They got rid of the insects, but in the process they also eliminated all the cats. Now the village is overrun with rodents.

That experience reminded me of a story about an atomic scientist who was walking through the woods one day with a friend when he saw a small turtle. He thought that his children would be delighted to have a new pet, so he picked it up and started home with it. Suddenly he stopped, looked at the turtle, and retraced his steps. He put the turtle back on the ground. His friend asked him why. He answered: "It just struck me that perhaps, for one man, I have tampered enough with the universe."

In the 1960s I had to be concerned not only with the preservation of land but also with the people who lived in the crowded cities.

What could the beauty of our continent mean to them if beauty was too far away to be enjoyed? I wanted a new kind of conservation that would bring national parks within reach of more people.

A memorandum I received toward the end of my Administration from Secretary of the Interior Stewart Udall stated:

"These have been good years for the cause of conservation."

I believe that assessment will stand the test of time. So too will the work done by a concerned and compassionate woman. I believe that Lady Bird Johnson touched a fundamental chord in the American people with her quiet crusade to beautify our country.

By the 1960s conservation embraced more than the preservation of land. I have flown through the layers of filthy air above Los Angeles. I have seen the oily slime of the Hudson and the Potomac rivers. And I found such experiences repugnant, as perhaps only a man who grew up knowing nature at its cleanest could.

Today almost everyone is conscious of the threat of pollution. A few years ago the prevailing idea was that pollution

tion, however deplorable, had to be lived with.

One of the important conservation measures I recommended to the Congress was the Water Quality Act, which required all states to set anti-pollution standards. Congress passed that Act in 1965, and when I affixed my signature to it I said: "Today we begin to be masters of our environment." The Congress passed five other major anti-pollution measures, aimed at cleaning not only the water but the air.

If we are serious about making our country habitable, we must begin to devote a proportionate amount of our resources and our ingenuity to reversing the tide of pollution we have created. We need a science of "preventive engineering," similar to preventive medicine. We must be prepared to shoulder the enormous costs this will entail.

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CYRIL CONNOLLY AND THE BLACK MAGICIANS  
ALAN BRIEN: WORLDS APART  
ANTHONY STORR ON SEX AND THE BRITISH



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# THE ARTS

AFTER READING the 1,081 picturesque pages of David Bergamini's Japan's Imperial Conspiracy (Heinemann £4.50) with unfailing interest, I yet put it down dismayed. It is after all, seventy-three years since Lord Acton called for a vision of history that would not be "a mere rope of sand" and "a burden on memory" but "continuous" and an "illumination of the soul." He did so out of a profound intuition that historians had failed all our desperate yesterdays by not realising that history progresses on two levels.

There is a manifest level, on which its processes can be observed, documented and apparently accounted for in conscious and rational terms. On that level it appears as a pattern evolved by unusual men inflicting their concepts on more or less passive masses of people.

But there is another, more profound level, a sort of underworld of the human condition where, silent and unobserved, vast, neglected and un-understood forces of the human spirit accumulate rather as lava accumulates at the roots of a great volcano and one day suddenly erupts to overwhelm the apparently well-ordered and conscious

It is perhaps just possible that once upon a time the manifest level may have been all-important. But for centuries now there have been too many cataclysmic invasions of the conscious human spirit from this underworld of history for us to go on ignoring the fact that it is this other level now which demands all our powers of penetration and interpretation.

One has only to think of the French Revolution which subjected vast areas of Europe to shattering forces of unreason for generations, to realise how futile the norms of the manifest are for interpreting so cataclysmic an event. Since then, the eruptions have increased in number and power as they have widened in scale. The First World War, revolution in Russia,

revolution in China, the Germany of Hitler, the Italy of Mussolini, the Japan of Hirohito, the Second World War and a whole world scene in one way or another today in a state of spiritual and social eruption, all show how the sinister process continues and accelerates.

Therefore, to go on recording the contemporary scene purely in terms of its surface manifestations is like describing the convulsions, noting the phases of delirium and hallucination of a sick person with a total disregard of the causes of his affliction and the fact that an epidemic of the same sickness has laid almost all his neighbours low. But this precisely is the tendency of Mr Bergamini's work.

Although he says that he has had "the awe and pleasure" of knowing the Japanese all his life, he sees them as rational men engaged in conscious conspiracy, first to lead Japan to war and then, in defeat, to obscure the fact that all along their Emperor had been the mastermind of the conspiracy.

He is committed to a description of Japanese history which is incomplete, biased and determined to press a charge. It is all the sadder because his work is based on years of dedicated, original and wide-ranging research.

Moreover his book has an immensely valuable fall-out of new information and special insights implicit in the fact that Mr Bergamini, born in Japan, loves the country.

Yet even his self-restricted brief in terms of the manifest level of history is utterly unconvincing. The methods used to indict Hirohito are at times more enthusiastic than fair. Take for instance his account of the Emperor's fateful meeting with the supreme command when war is made inevitable. It is a moving, quintessentially tragic Japanese moment, as the Emperor

fumbles for a piece of paper in his pocket and reads out a poem by his grandfather, the great Emperor Meiji.

All the seas everywhere  
Are brothers one to another.  
Why do the winds and waves of strife  
Rage so violently through the world?

For Mr Bergamini, the Emperor had merely spoken "in a dubious fashion on the side of the angels." For him this was all mere "belly talk"—a Japanese expression for deliberate deceit designed in this case to trick the Japanese into war. He does not add that the Japanese supreme command interpreted this gesture differently. They all took Hirohito's gesture as one of extreme censure. Nor does he say that after they had sat overawed through a long period of silence, the Emperor spoke again to add, "I make it a rule to read this poem from time to time to remind me of my grandfather's love of peace."

More serious still is Mr Bergamini's tendency to isolate Japan from the main stream of the history of the contemporary world. The Germans may well make too much of their concept of a *Zeitgeist*, but it does exist and has a profound relationship with the underground level of history. Mr Bergamini certainly could have done with a liberal helping of it; and would have made more of the Russo-Japanese war.

Up to that moment, the great European empires, who had imposed themselves so brutally upon the peoples of



Hirohito as Regent in 1926

Asia, had appeared almost like omnipotent gods. But after the shattering and unpredicted defeat of Russia, the European spell was broken for good and everywhere in the basements of Asian imagination, the forces were massing to deliver the East from the Europeans' paralytic grasp.

The Japanese impulse from then on to assert themselves as the Europeans had asserted themselves grew great and terrible through some telepathy of communication with the unuttered longing of millions of fellow Asians to see them succeed. There was no rational reaction. Of course there were men of reason who tried desperately to use the forces of unreason let loose by the conflict and interconflict of the powers and

cultures of West and East. But in the end the forces of unreason had their irrational way even with the most powerful and rational of their leaders.

What happened to Japan was closely akin to what was happening in Mussolini's Italy and above all Hitler's Germany. I first knew Japan before Mr Bergamini did. I was there in 1926 for a brief moment just before the regent Hirohito became Emperor. Even then I was startled by the extent to which the Japanese already were possessed by an extra-territorial spirit, strange extra-territorial emotions, even more than extra-territorial ideas, as well as by striking trance-like elements in their behaviour. I met on their faces for the first time then the look, and observed in their minds and bodies the strange puppetlike movements, that were to terrify me later in the German masses at that *Twilight-of-the-Gods* Nuremberg rally.

More even than the German people the Japanese went the way fate pointed, like men walking in their sleep. Hirohito was no ruler. The Emperors have never ruled Japan. There have always been others to do this dusty work for them. They have always pre-eminently been the continuity of Japan and were only brought out into the light of the common day when some cataclysm of history faced the Japanese with the challenge of renewing themselves.

My own feeling is that in a nation of sleep-walkers the Emperor suffered from bouts of insomnia. He had an awareness of the disaster into which his nation was plunging, knew he was powerless to avert it, but by some intuition of the real meaning of history, more compelling than Mr Bergamini's,

held himself apart for the moment when, all Japan's mythological passion-spent, he could offer himself as a rallying point for a reintegration of his shattered nation.

Living on their thin-skinned earth, perpetually ravaged by earthquake, fire, typhoon and tidal wave, the Japanese have found in disaster a source of renewal as no other people in the world. When the Japanese general Araki told George Bernard Shaw: "An earthquake for us is both a catastrophe and a form of religious enlightenment for the national spirit," he was uttering in jest a great Japanese truth.

Whatever the economic factors, and they were considerable, I believe that in the heart of its ancient darkness Japan went the terrible way it went because only disaster on a cosmic scale could cut the cord which tied it to the negative aspects of history, and free it for renewal in an idiom appropriate to this harsh, modern world.

That is why all my Japanese friends, young and old, tend to speak of the last war not as of a war so much as "our revolution." Ultimately war and revolution are two sides of the same, terrible, counterfeit coin. Both are amply discredited patterns of an attempt to escape from what is one-sided and inadequate in a given state of spirit and society. If the modern world is ever to see war and revolution for the bankrupt phenomena they are, the whole of its history must be reappraised and revalued.

It is not because Mr Bergamini's approach lacks sincerity and good intentions that I find it so disappointing, but because, more than a generation after Hiroshima, he contributes nothing to the wholeness of our vision of a chain of events which we have all, not least of all his own great country, darkened with the shadow of our own unknowing and lack of understanding of man and the meaning of history.



Allen Jones in his new studio at Chelsea: the exhibition of his watercolours and graphics, which opened last week at Marlborough Graphics, will be reviewed by John Russell next week

## Explorers unbound

ART □ JOHN RUSSELL

FRANK STELLA'S show at the Hayward Gallery last year was not exactly the talk of the town, in terms of attendance; our silent majority returned a wordless "No" to Stella's manipulation of what Robert Rosenblum had just described in the Penguin New Art series as "commercial paint surfaces of shrill pinks, sour reds, electric greens, cool blues and ink indigos."

Blandishments of this sort play no part in Stella's new work, which is now on view at Kasmin's. It consists of wooden constructions, summarily carpentered, which hang on the wall like unfinished jigsaw puzzles. Nearest in formal terms to Stella's paintings of 1966, they mark an abrupt disengagement from the seductions of the late 1960s; the colour is gum, the workmanship is no great shakes, the outer surfaces are covered for the most part with what looks like cut-rate clothing material. For all that, these four and not immediately prepossessing works represent an attempt to conquer in new terms. The patterns of "deadlock and release" which Rosenblum noted in the series of 1966 find here a new arena, and Stella the man gains in dignity thereby.

It is not easy to be an English artist in what is now called "the middle generation." Terry Frost's art has always been a bluff whole-hearted, uncomplicated affair,

merely tantalising; but I cannot resist recommending, in the one case, the two Venetian views by the 70-year-old Guardi and in the other the figure seated in a landscape and painted by Renoir in 1885; Renoir at that time was concerned to renew the notion of Impressionism, and the chromatic inventions in the landscape-part of this little painting are as daring, and as arbitrary, as anything which Gauguin was later to devise.

A mixed exhibition should ideally be a pudding all plums. We can't quite hope for that in modern times, but I doubt if any other city can show at this moment miscellanies as good as those on view at Agnew's, the Lefèvre, Tooth's, the Heim and the Hazlitt. Agnew's and the Lefèvre in particular have made distinguished collections which speak very well indeed for London, with fine examples of European painting all the way from Lorenzo Monaco (the centre panel of a long-disintegrated masterpiece at Agnew's) to Cesanne's study at the Lefèvre, for the great "Woman with the Coffee-Pot" in the Musée du Jeu de Paume.

Lists are tedious, in this context, and microscopic evocations

it is possible to prefer Solimena's symphonic and voluptuous "Zeuxis and the Maidens of Croton" at the Hazlitt.

Tooth's have, finally, a still-life of 1939, by Bracque, which brings to a full close the great French tradition of the laden table-top and one of the most stylish of the paintings done by Boudin in Antwerp in 1871. Boudin didn't care for life in Antwerp—it was expensive, he didn't like the beer, and he had awful headaches—but in spite of everything he said, "one has to go on pulling one's cart like a poor old horse."

The effort doesn't show in the little picture at Toth's which has a tender eloquence which Boudin's mentor Corot would have approved.

Ceri Richards, who died last Tuesday, had an ardent, outgoing nature which made him as much loved, as a man, as he was admired as an artist. Like his fellow-member of the Class of 1903, John Piper, he made a witty and distinctive contribution to the modern movement before 1939; and when Richard Buckle organised the gals performance for the Save the Titian fund some months ago, Richards and Piper were quick to act once again, while others hummed and hawed. Such large, committed, un-romantic human beings can ill be spared.

### ● Plummer's Shaw

CHRISTOPHER PLUMMER'S brushes with the work of Shaw have been few. Captain Brass bound's Conversion and Don Juan in Hell cover them. But Plummer's acquaintance with GBS will smartly intensify. At the end of the month, the actor, now starring in Danton's Death and Amphitryon 38 at the National Theatre, plays host to a television documentary on the life and works of the Irish playwright. The show, The Wit and Wisdom of George Bernard Shaw, will be shot on location in Dublin and is being produced by the Canadian Broadcasting Company in association with the BBC.

We'll see it soon enough.

Plummer has never had a great deal of regard for Shaw. What he missed in Shaw was dramatic

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DAVID STOREY'S *The Changing Room* (Royal Court) shows us a couple of hours in the lives of a Rugby League football team. One by one the men—the flash, the serious, the slow-witted, the young, the balding, the jester—come into the changing room. They exchange their civilian clothes for the shorts, the shoulder pads, the socks-straps, and the jerseys that in the north of England on Saturday afternoons are practically the apparatus of war.

The most extrovert of them has just been to a welding, and smokes a cigar with jocularly aggressive "self-satisfaction. Another fuses over the electrical gadgets he has bought for his home. A third—a very neat fellow, this—says nothing about it, but he is conscious that his social status is rising: he is walking out with a schoolteacher. Muscles are flexed; shoulders and knees with oil. The club chairman tries to be matey, and the cleaner grumbles that the cold weather is due to the Russians, and that players are not what they used to be. The referee looks in briefly, tells the men to play to the whistle, hopes that the best team will win. There is a moment of silence. The trainer stands with his head bowed. The ordeals, the trial, the test is about to begin. The men line up, and—fresh, vigorous, full of hope—run off on to the field, and are greeted by a mighty roar from the crowd. That is the end of the first act.

In the interval I spoke to a young Austrian actor. His voice was full of wonder. "We could not do this in Vienna," he said. "Our actors would look like actors. These players don't look like actors. They look like footballers." It is true. They are directed with staggering authenticity by Lindsay Anderson. Mr Anderson understands these footballers as he understood the workers in Mr Storey's "The Contractor."

It is a miracle of the theatre that he should do so. Mr Anderson's family background is Indian Army; he was born at Bangalore, educated at an English public school, and at the college which the first Earl of Birkenhead thought the most beautiful in Oxford. His convictions may be Socialist, but his temperament is aristocratic. He ought to know nothing about working men. But he comprehends them utterly, and, by his affection—and of course an immense talent—for a society to which, by birth and upbringing, he is quite alien, he once more achieves, with Mr Storey, the triumph of bringing to our stage the true, the stubborn, the incomparable North.

There is no plot in "The Changing Room," but that does not mean that there is no suspense. We want to know—we want to know quite violently—who will win. We want to know which of the men will acquit themselves well, and which badly. We want to know how they will bear victory or defeat. All these things, in outline, we are told. They are a great pleasure of the play, but they are not the play's chief pleasure. That is something deeper, more beautiful, and more lasting. Behind the thumping, and the swearing, and the shouting on, the piece is permeated by a Wordsworthian spirit. You can,

## Storey time

THEATRE □ HAROLD HOBSON

If you listen, hear through it "the still, sad music of humanity." At the end the changing room, like the house of Madame Ranevsky, is almost deserted. It seems that everyone except the captain and the masseur has gone to leave. The darkness is falling. From the balcony comes the voice of the cleaner singing "All people that on earth do dwell." He is an old man, quite behind the times, not of our day at all. The captain and the masseur look at each other, and smile, not unkindly. It is a masterly ending.

Every one of the players must be mentioned. I give their names:

David Storey, Brian Glover, John Price, David Hill, David Daker, Barry Keegan, Peter Schofield, Warren Clarke, Peter Childs, Alun Armstrong, John Rae, John Barrell, Matthew Guinness, Jim Norton, Edward Judd, Frank Mills, Paul Dawkins, Michael Elphick, Mark McManus, Edward Peel, Geoffrey Hinsliff, and Brian Lawson. "What shall we do to be saved?" cries Barry Reckord in his *A Liberated Woman* (Greenwich). It is a confused appeal from a confused heart, and it gets an answer that is two-edged. There is a rich sincerity in the play which is not at all diminished by the fact that we are never clear whether Mr

Reckord is telling us—like Dumas fils in "Francillon"—that in extra-marital sex there should be the same rule for women as for men, or that there should be no rule at all. He probably does not know: "A Liberated Woman" is not a neat solution to an academic problem, but an unrestrained mixture of anguish, bewilderment and bewilderment in the face of unresolved and perhaps unresolved questions of colour, equality, and faithfulness. Guy refuses to his wife Gail the freedom he exercises himself. She spectacularly takes what he denies; but the only truly happy person in the play is an exuberantly egomaniac black actor (brilliantly played by Rudolph Walker) to whom all the moral questions debated since Plato mean less than a single good review.

Such a refuge however is not either for Gail or for Guy, who are both tormented beings shown especially in the way that Mr Reckord remorselessly destroys all his carefully built-in self-defences. As the distressed, defiant, and determined wife Linda Marlowe, with her unforgettable, pre-Raphaelite pale, weary but resolute beauty, is yearningly memorable, an impaled, exquisite butterfly desperately struggling to be free. Mr Reckord himself, as the dramatist Guy, is suitably puzzled, downbeat, and outsmarted. Mr Reckord favours a

freedom of expression which, at the crisis of the play, he inexplicably abandons.

Toby Robertson's Prospect Theatre Company's production of Love's Labour's Lost, which is now on tour, is a small, but real, enchantment. In a land where it is always afternoon, it is set on a sunshine beach, with the men wearing garlands of flowers round their necks, and the girls in long, filmy, hippy dresses. The verse sometimes seems so beautiful that it stops the blood and the wit again. I could never have believed that a line like "Here comes a member of the commonwealth" could hold such fun.

Then, in the twinkling of an eye, all changes. The Angel of Death is abroad in the land; you can hear the beating of his wings. A tall, swift figure, in absolute black, erupts into this leisurely painted paradise, and cleaves the sunshine. James Snell, as the messenger, appears with such exact timing, speed, and speaks his brief lines with such precision, that the announcement of the death of the King of France extinguishes the light. It is a wonderful effect, wonderfully achieved. Timothy West's Holsternes beautifully rebukes the lords and ladies, and Bridget Armstrong's delectable Jacqueline maintains a happy simper of complete non-understanding which is quite irresistible.

Heinrich Henkel's *The Painters* (Young Vic Studio), translated by Michael Bullock, is about two men painting pipes in a tunnel. Does this sound dreary? Well, it isn't. Once again Sam Kelly shows himself an actor to be watched. Seymour Matthews is good, too.

Frank Herrmann



Vanessa Redgrave as Suzie Thistlewood and June Watson as Hannah Smith: two of the conspirators in "Cato Street" by Robert Shaw. The play, which is based on the events of the Cato Street Conspiracy of 1820 against the lives of members of the Cabinet, opens at the Young Vic tomorrow.

## Dodd's delight

LIVERPOOL □ PHILIP RADCLIFFE

WITH Ken Dodd playing Malvolio a line like "Here comes the trout that must be caught with tickling" takes on special significance. When he talks of "Quenching my familiar smile" he gets an extra laugh too. He does indeed quench the smile—no easy task in his case—until bidden to be merry by the fake love letter from Olivia. Then he lets go and the effect is marvellous to see.

But for his trade marks, Mr Dodd might have had a complete success in Liverpool Playhouse's Twelfth Night. All goes exceptionally well until his final entrance, when everyone is getting happily coupled off except Malvolio, who has been made to

laugh in the right places, developed after very proper restraint.

Susan Tebbis is an appealing boyish Viola and Teresa Campbell (Feste) and Brian Coburn (Sir Toby Belch) give good support. Antony Tuckey's direction is good and busy, and shows comic creation, notably in the letter scene as Belch, Aguecheek, and Fabian pop up and down behind

the screen as Malvolio reads. Karen Mills' set for all scenes, like a gilt section of a Cathedral vault, lends grandeur if not always credibility.

The production marks imaginatively the sixtieth anniversary of the opening of this delightful little theatre as the Playhouse, although it had started life as the Star Music Hall in 1886. Ken Dodd thus provides an appropriate link. He also joins the list of people who, at first under the late and great William Armstrong, started their acting careers there, which includes Sir Michael Redgrave, Cecil Parker, and Rita Tushingham. Next month it moves confidently on to the world premiere of new play by Bill Naughton.

WHEN fourteen years ago The Sunday Times, in collaboration with the British Film Institute, created and sponsored the first London Film Festival the idea was to present the best works from the Continental festivals. The result for those members of the public who managed to get in was a beano. For the critic there were problems as well as pleasures, both then and in subsequent years when The Sunday Times being no longer involved in the same system of choice prevailed.

The best works from the Continent would anyway be shown in London later on, and a distributor generous enough to lend them to the Festival would want them reviewed at the time of general public showing, not months afterwards. There was often an understandable embargo on Festival criticism, leaving the reviewer to make a few non-committal noises and wait for a chance to let fly later.

This year the organisers offer a selection of work by new directors. The great or the familiar names, of course, are represented—Oshima and Satyajit Ray for instance; Kozintsev with *Kino Yar*; Janacek with his hypnotic study of conflict *Agony*; Deli-Bresson with *Four Nights of a Dreamer*, his hallucinatory version of Dostoevsky's *White Nights*; Makaveev with *Mysteries of the Body*, at once serious and hilarious; Warhol with the celebrated (and banned) *Trash*; and I look forward eagerly to a first view of *Tati's Trapeze*, which tomorrow opens the ball. But curiously about the newcomers it is which for the past fortnight has been driving me to the Press shows at the National Film Theatre. And with the newcomers there is no embargo.

One's first impression is of gloom. This doesn't mean that the talent isn't there, merely that it is generally devoted to the expression of melancholy, bittersweetness and the question Who Am I—a question which obsesses the new practitioners in the cinema. Nigel Dennis certainly started something when he wrote *Cards of Identity*. But Mr Dennis was cheerful about it. Nobody is cheerful on the screen.

From the United States comes *Make a Face*, in which Karen Sperling appears under her own direction as a girl in a Manhattan apartment haunted by spectral rapists and the frequent arrival of Chinese meals she hasn't ordered. Who has? David and the Ice Age (director Ulf von Mechow) is about a young German making an allegorical journey, via the sexual games of

a Nazi-type business man and the reconstructing the scene to get reconstructing the scene to get towards some unexplained goal; you must be kept on insisting, know who you are. But as with the American film nobody, least of all the audience, ever finds that out. Even a more comprehensible piece from Australia, *A City's Child* (director Brian Cullinan), leaves one for a while uncertain whether the shrinking middle-aged woman who talks to her dolls and cradles a plaster baby has a real or an imaginary lover. The performance of Monica Maughan gives the story some kind of solidity; but one still longs for recognisable people behaving recognisably.

That is why I find the Greek contribution *The Reconstruction* (director Theodor Angelopoulos) satisfying. Based on an actual Greek murder case, it is about a village woman who conspires with her lover to kill her husband on his return from work in Germany. The pair have a not unintelligent plan for getting out of the country. But the man is recognised on the way; they go back to the village; neighbours and relations ask ugly questions; and the police intervene and try by

rich life; one sees them momentarily successful, then sliding into unemployment, squalor, crime. The playing, subtle beneath its aggressive surface, of Doug McGrath and Paul Bradley brilliantly conveys the fecklessness, the drifting stupidity of the pair, and we are surely going to hear more of the director Donald Shebib.

The picture of urban Canada is less than exhilarating; but then, as I say, the new generation of directors don't aim to encourage. Though perhaps one could make an exception of Robert Taylor, whose *Roller Derby* is a documentary, enigmatic to those as unfamiliar as I am with the American sport of bashing one another about on roller skates, but at least communicating the sportsman's pride in their accomplishment. The hero, a young man with a good job, has no higher ambition than to chuck it and train to skate and bash; and a leading exponent is plumb grateful to the father who encouraged him to take up a profession both respected and lucrative. Their work is intimate, smart, lively and poker-faced; no irony is anywhere discernible.

Among Festival films by experienced hands let me mention *D* (A. Pernebaker), *Swan* (Toronto), a 140-minute record of the city's 1969 Rock and Roll Revival. It is put together with notable skill, but after the confident though ear-splitting professionalism of other participants an amateurish appearance by John Lennon is embarrassing, especially since its climax is a long series of sold-out screenings and screeches from Yoko Ono during which, if one can judge from the off-screen silence, the audience has very sensibly gone home.

Outside the Festival little to praise except a straightforward Western on release, *Hannie Caulder* (director Bert Kennedy colour: AA) with a scattering of general public showings, not least of all the audience, ever finds that out. Even a more comprehensible piece from Australia, *A City's Child* (director Brian Cullinan), leaves one for a while uncertain whether the shrinking middle-aged woman who talks to her dolls and cradles a plaster baby has a real or an imaginary lover. The performance of Monica Maughan gives the story some kind of solidity; but one still longs for recognisable people behaving recognisably.

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## The iron Duke

DEREK JEWELL

THERE'S ONE anecdote in the newest, and very entertaining, book on Duke Ellington which nicely reminds us that though he's a genius, he is also a workaday bandleader, and his companions are workday musicians, too. Billy Strayhorn reveals that the famous "Take the 'A' Train" was named as a reminder to denizens of 145th Street and upwards in New York that if they didn't ride that subway train, but mistakenly took the "D," they'd end up at the Polo Grounds instead of 200th Street.

Thus titles of classics-to-be are coined in the pressurised hustle which is the big-band life on the road. Thus, too, those who overestimate the life-style of genius may be shaken to hear that Duke loves playing for an Elks' dance, although it had started life as the Star Music Hall in 1886. Ken Dodd thus provides an appropriate link. He also joins the list of people who, at first under the late and great William Armstrong, started their acting careers there, which includes Sir Michael Redgrave, Cecil Parker, and Rita Tushingham. Next month it moves confidently on to the world premiere of new play by Bill Naughton.

ton, cool and elegant, using sophisticated irony, has conducted a skilful defensive action for years to stop us knowing too much about the man within.

Mostly the story is told through mini-autobiographies of around thirty of Ellington's brilliant long-service associates—Harry Carney, Billy Strayhorn, Cat Anderson and the rest. This in itself is a fascinating process, not only for the affection the book reveals they have for their leader—most rare, since geniuses do not usually love other geniuses—but also for their surprising frankness.

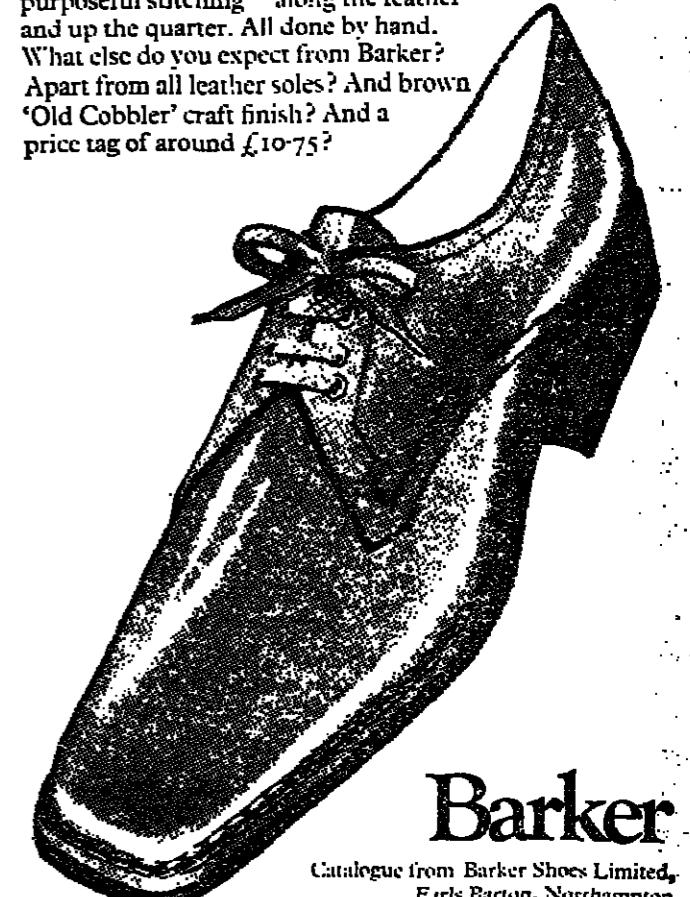
Here is Russell Procope explaining how Duke is hustler and disciplinarian ("an iron hand in a mink glove"). Or Willie Cook talking about arguments with him over pay. Or Tony Hardwick saying, without rancour, that Duke very swiftly started using "we," when referring to the band, in the royal not the collective sense.

Some, if not all, of Ellington's flavour comes through. Once, when unexpectedly he didn't get a prestigious American award, he said: "They don't want me too famous too young." Who, asks Tony Hardwick, could top that? Who indeed.

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The Sunday Times

# Watchers in the workshop

MUSIC □ DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

AVING come into a little money the Society for the Promotion of New Music has been able to resume its former practice of holding public orchestral rehearsals of new and recently submitted scores. There were two of these last weekend. On Saturday the Queen Elizabeth Hall was occupied by the London Sinfonietta under Roger Norrington; on Sunday the Festival Hall by the London Symphony under Sir Edward Elgar.

These occasions are precious to the young composer, who has little hope of finally hearing what he has written for orchestra (especially a large orchestra) unless the piece has been commissioned. They may prove useful also to the critic, who is drawn by a natural hope of discovering new talent. To the general sterner, admitted at a uniform charge of 50 pence, the rehearsals offer the perennial attraction of watching things take shape instead of contemplating a smoothly finished product on a plate.

Though 50p is a modest charge, the society might perhaps consider whether something could be done to keep the sterner in the picture and give him better value. Would it matter if, by means of a tactful microphone, the conductor's comments were made audible to all? And for the benefit of those who feel that they can get no more out of earing scraps and snippets, might he not announce (without committing himself) the approximate time at which he hopes to be ready to play through a whole work or a whole movement?

Such thoughts arose during work on two most difficult of the chosen scores. The relatively simple pieces were a pleasant and craftsmanlike, though unmemorable, "Sinfonia da caccia" for natoire orchestra written by Jeremy Dale Oberto for the Thaxted Festival of 1967. A brief "Nocturno" by Howard Burrell which is rather more than an "exercise in orchestration" (as the composer describes it), but certainly effective on a technical level.

Most of Mr Norrington's time on Saturday was devoted to Adrian Jack's "Holly Bush," one of those experimental scores consisting (as I guess, without having seen it) more of diagrammatic signs and rules-of-the-game instructions than of notes of definite pitch and duration. The listener who had vaguely wondered how such pieces ever got off the ground now had his chance to observe. It was a stop-and-go process that made it veering economic policies seem, by contrast, as steady and inevitable as a piston crescendo; although the indeterminate element is supposed to make life easier for the performers, they seemed to find it increasingly trying, as did me as the audience. When, after some minutes, the conductor asked "Hands up, who hasn't played yet?" and every violinist's hand shot up, their expressions were ruefully amused rather than vexed.

## SPIEGEL THE EAGLE

PHILIP OAKES



ARLY THIS year Sam Spiegel set it about that he wanted Leonard Bernstein to compose a score for his new film, "Nicholas and Alexandra". After all, why not? They'd worked together before. But Bernstein was busy. Sorry, he told Spiegel, it had agreed to write a score for the opening of the new Kennedy Centre in New York, and that had to come first. Spiegel saw it differently: "I led to persuade them to postpone the opening of the Centre for six weeks." Even now, one feels, he can't quite fathom why his request was turned down. He's delighted with the score he got from Richard Rodney Bennett-Bernstein's suggestion. But even as he decants the supervises, he's plagued by unease, somewhere preferred a memoir to a movie! It's beyond Spiegel's comprehension.

The fact is, they don't make him like Spiegel any more. In 1971 he remains your real, live motion picture producer who smokes cigars as thick as an infant's wrist; whose yacht rides an anchor in Monte Carlo harbour; and whose films cost millions (this one came out at four million pounds sterling), not to mention the four years it took to steer it from first notion to final print.

It's time, says Spiegel, which the real investment. "At the art of a film you don't realise at the incubation period will be long. You have no sinking feeling. Later on come the sleepless nights and the days of despair. But at the outset you imply commit yourself to making good pictures."

He means a good big picture. "Nicholas and Alexandra" is about the fall of the Romanoffs, and the Russian Revolution: nothing less. Its leading players are Michael Jayston and Janet Suzman, and performing impeccably behind a thicket of whiskers are such actors as Olivier, Redgrave, Ian Holm (especially fine), and Jack Hawkins. The running time is three hours, which means, says Spiegel, that it has to grip the audience. Degrees of boredom can be measured from the rump up. Spiegel is now in his late sixties, although the date of his birth tends to fluctuate. He has time to waste; but as the old age has it, he hastens slowly, reading critically down the ticks of his scriptwriter, James Goldman, it took him over two years to polish and finally approve a screenplay.

He has his reasons: "I believe pictures are rewritten, not written. Jimmy Goldman was desper-

ately many times. I had to convert him to believe that each rewrite improved the original. Now he is blissfully happy."

Possibly so, but others have been less forbearing. There's the story—apocryphal, of course—that when Irvin Shaw was working on Spiegel's film *On the Waterfront*, his wife found him in the bathroom at 3 am, carefully shaving. "What are you doing?" she inquired. "I'm going out to kill Sam Spiegel," said Shaw.

In money matters, too, Spiegel is reputed to strike a hard bargain. Years ago when Peter Brook was attempting to wrest the film rights of Lord of the Flies from his grasp, the crucial negotiations took place in a swimming pool at Cannes. Spiegel, recalls Brook, was suffering from an eye infection, and the wheeling and dealing proceeded while both men trod water, and Spiegel shielded his brow from the splashes of frisky starlets. All the same, he got his asking price: thousands more than Brook could afford.

He was born in Austria and studied at the University of Vienna. First, he went to work as a "Young Pioneer" in Palestine, then became a cotton-broker, winding up eventually in California as a lecturer on dramatic literature. MGM producer Paul Bern (who was later to marry Jean Harlow), signed him up as a reader and story adviser, but he was fired six months later by the head of the script department—an illiterate, says Spiegel, who got his job by marrying the daughter of the boss.

"Fifteen years later when I

was sitting at my desk at 20th Century-Fox the same man came to see me. He was an absolute hobo, frantic for any kind of work or failing that—a loan. Neither of us referred to his having fired me. It was very strange: I can't understand it even now. I arranged for him to be sent some money. It's all I could do. But I still wonder about it..."

He produced his first film in 1942—an all-star omnibus picture called *Tales of Manhattan*. The attack on Pearl Harbour happened while we were shooting, and I was struck by a burst of patriotism. My German name seemed positively profane in the circumstances, so I renounced it. In a manner of speaking, that is: Spiegel became S. P. Eagle—a nom de guerre which convulsed Hollywood. Local wags suggested that it might set a fashion: Z. A. Nuck, for example, closely followed by L. U. Bitsch. The wisecracks pattered harmlessly for twelve years until Spiegel produced *On the Waterfront*: "Then, with great bravado, I decided it was time to start a new career under my own name."

His timing was perfect. "On the Waterfront" won eight

Oscars. The "Bridge on the River Kwai" won eight more, and "Lawrence of Arabia" brought in another seven. All the awards, believes Spiegel, are a tribute to the quality of his films. "They may cost a lot. But none of the money is wasted. All my pictures can be re-released again and again. They stand up pretty well, and they retain their residual values, both financial and prestige-wise."

There are times—and the above is one of them—when Spiegel sounds like a parody of a movie producer. He's the real thing, though—love him, or loathe him. He's fairly disenchanted with the current film scene. There are few films he's prepared to endorse, and he's scornful about the way in which they're sold.

In the present situation what you really need is stamp of to make films. If you are not really selective you are only compounding disaster."

Enamoured, you think. But he has no plans for the immediate future: not even the haziest of projects. "I will toy with nothing until I am enamoured of it."

*Enamoured*, you think. But he has no plans for the immediate future: not even the haziest of projects. "I will toy with nothing until I am enamoured of it."

Some editorial discipline has clearly been imposed, but surely not enough.

What is more interesting is the character of the woman who comes through all these bits and pieces. Well hidden, admittedly. Nothing really goes wrong with this life—that is, apart from death and illness common to most middle-class lives. The impression is curious. Such a sport of a Dame, a pull-yourself-together-above-all else type. Fearfully frank; a jolly Fabian, needing a Bach fugue each day, admitting to being "a violent woman" who needs to let off steam through her work, who "never really liked love parts," wanting most of all to be pals with her husband (whose infidelities are dismissed as of no account), for whom marriage brought the wanted children whom she could boss—oh in a nice way of course. That deep love identification with brother Russell, the true pal, whose masculinity was envied, although Sybill triumphed in the end, helped by a fantastic will-power and a belief in God.

Neither Miss Sprigge nor Dame Sybill are out to give us any dark patches; these can be glimpsed, fleetingly, behind the public face which is, after all, what this autobiographical biography is all about.

"I've always wished I'd been born a boy—what I felt

when I first met Lewis was so

true. I wish I were a boy so I could have that man as a pal . . . That didn't stop me loving having babies."

## Swedish visitors

DANCE □ RICHARD BUCKLE

I AM TOLD that Birgit Cullberg, who has brought her Cullberg Ballet from Sweden on a two-week visit to Sadler's Wells, does wonders with the dance on television: behind a camera, apparently, she becomes a wizard. On the stage, however, I find her creations hard to admire. In spirit her choreography is "Modern," but modern of some years ago, i.e. old-fashioned: in technique her ballets are classically based, but without any feeling of a definite school.

The first programme opened with "Medea," danced to a banging, booming enlargement of piano pieces by Bartók on tape. It would be hard to exaggerate the absurdity of this melodrama, with its posturing heroines and her babies-in-the-woods. I was astonished to be reminded next morning by Peter Williams that we had seen this very ballet together, when Miss Cullberg first brought a group of dancers to England twenty years ago. To keep such a work so long shows exceptional self-confidence.

"Miss Julie," which opened the second programme, was the work that made the Swedish choreographer famous, and it dates from 1950. Strindberg's play heralded a new wave in the theatre, and just a little of his quality has rubbed off on the ballet. But the dance-drama lasts forty-five minutes and it would take a very remarkable dancer-actress in the title role to hold our attention for as long as that. Jacqueline de Min is alternately pert and hoity-toity. As Jean the butler, Nilsas Ek emits occasionally a spark of cold fire.

"Romeo and Juliet" to jumbled Prokofiev was intolerable. The hard-worked Ek was Romeo; he had one funny moment in "Adam and Eve," scraping his feet like a dog; and as Orpheus he was on the go throughout. "Eurydice is Dead" was the best thing the Swedes showed us was the decor of the last, a film based on engravings by Palle Nielsen—visions of hell as an urban sprawl in the style of Ben Shahn.

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## And no birds swing

**SEX AND MARRIAGE IN ENGLAND TODAY** by Geoffrey Gorer  
Nelson £2.95

### ANTHONY STORR

THIS statistical survey of attitudes towards marriage and various aspects of sexuality deserves careful study by anyone interested in the current social scene in Britain: not least by those who talk glibly of the "permissive society" and the promiscuity of youth.

Mr Gorer's piece of research is notable for several unusual features. First, it was undertaken largely as a comparison. In 1950, Mr Gorer collected and later published, in *Exploring English Character* (Cresset Press), the views of a large number of volunteers upon marriage, love, sex, and allied topics. The present survey would, it was hoped, tend to show whether attitudes had really altered, and if so, in what respects. Second, whereas most surveys are at least partially invalidated by being weighted heavily by a preponderance of highly educated volunteers, this one aimed at greater objectivity by insisting upon a stratified random sample taken from electoral registers in one hundred parliamentary constituencies ranging right through every social class.

The sample was confined to those under 55; and nine hundred and forty-nine men and one thousand and thirty-seven women were interviewed. In addition to those on electoral registers, 150 persons too young in 1950 to be thus listed were also interviewed. The questions were asked by experienced interviewers from Opinion Research Centre; and the results studied and written up by Mr Gorer.

This will obviously become an important source book for all students of British society. There are so many interesting findings that a reviewer cannot possibly discuss all of them. All one can do is to draw attention to some of the more striking and perhaps surprising discoveries. The middle-class, liberal, intellectual Londoner is far from being a typical Englishman; and he may well be astonished to learn that 88 per cent of women, and 46 per cent of men marry the person with whom they first have sexual intercourse.

Moreover, even among the very young, the notion that premarital sexual experience is likely to be beneficial is far from universally held, although there has certainly been some shift of opinion in that direction. There is some evidence to support the idea that heterosexual interest starts earlier than heretofore, in line with the supposed earlier onset of puberty. Twenty-one per cent of men, and 18 per cent of women think most people don't "really fall in love";



Statue of Quintin Hogg, founder of the London Polytechnic and grandfather of the present Lord Chancellor, in Langham Place, W.1. The picture is taken from "On Public View" by Paul William White, with photographs by Richard Gloucester (Hutchinson £8), about open-air sculptures in London.

## An uncivil servant

IT WAS the Prince de Conde who is supposed to have said first that no man is a hero to his valet, upon which Hegel added the gloss: "That is true not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is not a valet."

Kinsey's findings, hitherto the accepted text for much sexual behaviour, are questioned in several places. It seems doubtful whether sexual activity declines with age as much as Kinsey supposed; nor are the latter's very high figures for homosexual involvement borne out. Only 2 per cent of men and 3 per cent of women in Gorer's sample admitted being attracted by their own sex, whereas Kinsey found that no less than 37 per cent of males, and 28 per cent of females acknowledged homosexual arousal.

The new figures are probably an underestimate; but Kinsey's certainly require more validation than has hitherto been forthcoming.

The most disturbing findings in this new survey relate to birth control. The majority of the unmarried who are having intercourse do not regularly use any form of contraception, and those who do use methods which are old-fashioned and comparatively inefficient. Almost a quarter of each sex expressed revulsion towards homosexuality rather than tolerance, compassion or understanding.

Despite his clerical skills and his efficiency as a courteous smooth-talker, Cadogan was a truly second-rate man. On the major issues his judgment was too often wrong, he had no originality and his mind was clamped to the point of conservatism, the conventional myopic mould of his class. Obviously he never got over his resentment at being the poor younger son of a rich earl and forced to make his living among men he regarded as his inferiors either in birth or capacity.

He does not disdain to sneer predictably at Hobre-Belusha (whom he calls Hobre) when he was sacked from the War Office and nearly made Minister of Information.

This is blinding and exquisitely funny; hadn't time to get my books, but when the war came to an end he concluded that Jew control of our propaganda would be a major disaster.

But Mr David Dilks who has made a beautiful job of linking, editing, commenting on and presenting these diaries has not wasted his time. Of course they are of interest. The informed malice of those who have served the famous is always of interest. It is the best gossip column of them all.

Why did Cadogan meticulously keep his voluminous diaries? To add to history? No. After Churchill's, and everybody else's, history of the war, it seemed to me that the chronicle had been fully compiled.

Correct. There are a few nuggets here and there. Eden was on the edge of becoming Viceroy of India in November, 1941. He would have enjoyed it, but it wouldn't have changed history. Independence, Kashmir, Bangla Desh and the China-Pakistan confrontation with Russia. India would still have happened.

Cadogan was not concerned with such speculation. He was concerned with himself, the distant, disinterested godlike figure to all the miserable men he had to serve. "What cattle these politicians are. And what moral cowards."

"Silly old Halifax" evoked that observation. But, with Neville Chamberlain, he admired him the most. Certainly he finishes with the obligatory anthems of praise to Churchill—

to have omitted them would have ruled him out of serious consideration.

Yet, on May 8, 1940, "N. Chamberlain, the best PM in sight. The only alternative is Halifax... Winston useless." Not a momentary aberration. When Churchill is Prime Minister, he is "too rambling and romantic and sentimental and temperamental old Neville still the best of the lot." As late as March, 1942, the diarist records, "Poor old PM in a sour mood and a bad way. I fear he's play-out."

The same thought did not come to his mind when he wrote of Chamberlain preparing for Munich at the end of September, 1938. "I was completely horrified—he was quite calmly for total surrender." Or was he equally defeatist in his heart? Maybe he sympathised with Samuel Hoare, made ambassador to Spain in May, 1940, of whom he writes, "Dirty little dog has got the wind up and wants to get out of the country."

What is the difference from his own sentiments (May 21, 1940): "only a miracle can save us; otherwise we're done"; and (May 31, 1940) "Went with Theo (his wife) to choose rugs. Just as well to give away Treasury notes, which will be worth nothing, for goods of value."

It is no surprise that he thought the inclusion of the Labour Party in the Government did not strengthen it. Or that of generals "our own" (including CIGS) are blockheads who cannot learn anything."

Eden, unless doing what Cadogan prescribes, is always jumpy, impetuous, foolish. A typical entry, January 8, 1945:

A arrives at 12.30. Summons a meeting on Greece at 12.45 and am giving a lunch at Savoy at 1.15. What a way of doing business... He strides about the room gabbling and I, at least, can hear what he says.

Attlee is an "argumentative mouse, and so on for other politicians, commanders and officials."

Vansittart, who saw through and wanted to stand up to Hitler when Chamberlain and Cadogan were duped by him, and soured in appeasement, makes Cadogan frosty and frequent written and late. When he was given a pension in 1941 Cadogan turned bright green, "A Peerage! Good god!! I must have a dukedom."

Ernest Bevin receives condescending praise because his "sound ideas" enable Cadogan to tutor him. It is traditionally safe for the aristocrat to prove of simple goodhearted labour leaders provided they drop their "h's" as the diarist invariably makes Bevin and Jimmy Thomas (the railwayman who became Cabinet Minister) do.

Mr Dilks argues that the malevolence, impertinence, conceit and insolence of the diaries do not represent "the real man" and that they are some kind of self-therapy, the safety valve of the genuinely amiable and understanding nature. I do not agree. They represent what Cadogan was thinking all the time as he dealt politely and tactfully with political chiefs and the rest of them. Despite his hypocritically modest manner, he always meant his diaries to be published and, characteristically, delayed their appearance till after his death. He wanted us, and posterity, to be convinced that without The Admirable Crichton his inept masters would have floundered to destruction.

## Galbraith at large

**ECONOMIC PEACE AND LAUGHTER** by John Kenneth Galbraith/Andre Deutsch £2.50  
ROY HARROD

THIS BOOK is a fascinating mixture of economics, sociology, biography and autobiography. Its serious purpose is shot through with fun and gaiety, and it is full of sly thrusts at the great of this world and at those not so great. It was first published in the USA about six months ago. Since its publication the world has come round in a notable way to the views of Professor Galbraith. In the fifth essay, written in the early summer of 1970, he argues forcefully that it is in vain to hope to check wage-price spirals by so-called monetarist and fiscal policies; it is needful to interfere directly with the upward movements of wages and prices, and legal sanctions are, he holds, likely to be required to enforce what may be specified in "guide lines."

The Democratic administration in the USA adopted a voluntary policy with some measure of success before 1966, but then faltered. The Republicans entirely repudiated the idea of such interference. This was the stance of President Nixon, when he was returned in 1968. Monetary and fiscal policies could be relied on to stimulate the inflation, and there should be no direct interference with prices and wages. These disciplines were put into practice and, lo and behold, the inflation became worse than before, while unemployment rose. This gave Professor Galbraith an excellent target for the agile use of his weapons of ridicule.

But then, some four months after this book was published, the colossal world-wide run on the dollar, mounting unemployment and continuing wage inflation impelled President Nixon to reverse his position and to impose a three-months' freeze on wages and prices. There has been reference to President Nixon having become a "Keynesian." This epithet is inappropriate; Keynes did not give consideration to this particular problem. Rather it should be said that President Nixon has become a "Galbraithian." That, however, might be more galling to American Right-wingers than the reference to one, who, although a revolutionary in his day, has now become a respected figure of past history.

It is to be noted that, in a similar change of front, we anticipated the Americans by 27 days (July 19).

Professor Galbraith holds that direct interference will have to be a permanent feature of policy. There are many on both sides of the Atlantic who, while reluctantly acquiescing in interference at present, hold that it is a once-only event required to deal with a special kind of crisis. If they fail to explain what is so special about the present crisis or why the full employment policy will not lead to a recurrence of similar situations from time to time,

The essay, however, that is most distinctive of Professor Galbraith is the first in which he pleads that we should begin giving second place to the production of an ever-increasing flow of material goods, in favour of urban renewal, preservation of the countryside, etc. Here again Professor Galbraith will find public opinion tagging along behind him in due course.

There are a number of brilliant short biographies of eminent persons, some with a touch of venom. The only one that appeared in the American edition, but is omitted in this, is that of Dean Acheson. Why? It was quite all right. Is there, perhaps, some reason of "security" that an outsider cannot be expected to detect?

And then there are a number of delightful autobiographical pieces. One describes the charming village of Gstaad in Switzerland, where in recent years he has done much of his writing. Another is about the "nicest village in the world"—Newfane in Southern Vermont. The greater part of the book, however, concerns those serious problems of economics and politics that have been perplexing all thinking people during his adult life.

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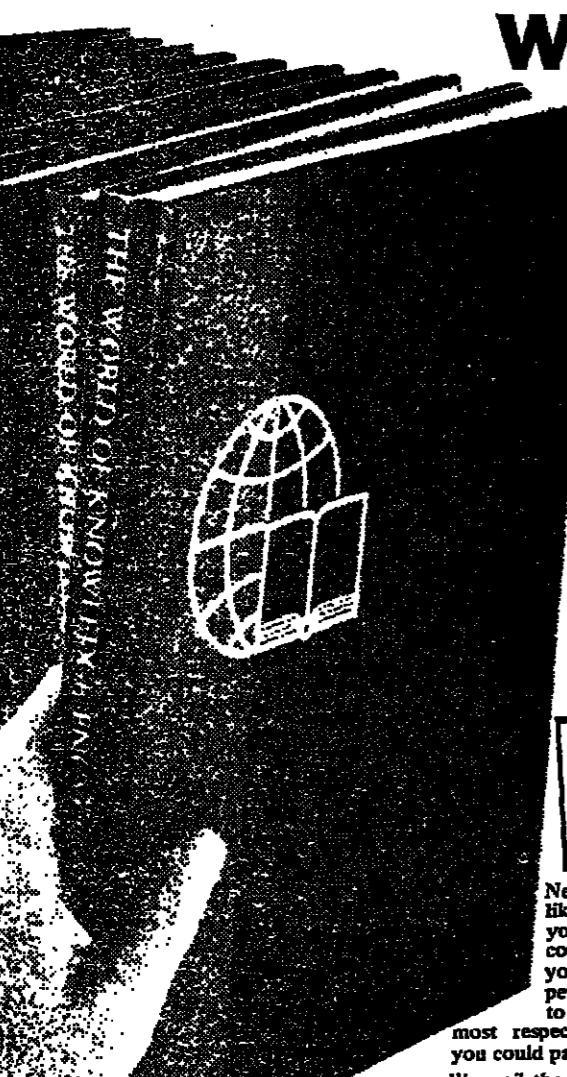
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"THE SLEEP of Reason engenders monsters!" The Goya quotation seems particularly apposite today when Pompeian credulity marches hand in hand with the immense advances in exact objective observation. Modern science produces the H-bomb which reproduces the heat of the sun; modern magic counters with voodoo, black mass, bone-casting, evil eyes, satanism, fortune-telling, the Tarot pack, the I Ching, the Witches' Coven, the White Goddess.

Colin Wilson's book is dedicated to Robert Graves who tells him, apropos of The White Goddess:

Grave." He was probably a humbug, who vanity, ambition, and intelligence led him to carve out a niche as the wickedest man in the world; there is always room for a sadist at the top. That he was also impious and an egomaniac bore is an occupational risk of Satan's own. Perhaps his ultimate importance is medical. He worked up to eleven grams of heroin a day, enough to kill a roomful of people.

What about his magic? Certainly if no avail in the long run, for he pestered out among debts and landladies, having been expelled from both France and Italy in his prime. He had inherited a fortune from brewing, which he spent on globe trotting. As a young man he had nearly conquered Kanchenjunga, where he failed to prevent some fellow climbers from losing their lives. His panic, "Kanchenjunga phobia", haunted him all his life. Crowley undoubtedly knew more about magic than most people. His short story, "The Strategem" is truly sinister and deserves to be better known, though most of his writing is florid and self-indulgent.

A harrowing tale of his raising of Pan as recounted by an eyewitness is told by Dennis Wheatley, but is not mentioned by John Symonds in his Life. "Raising the wind" seemed more of a preoccupation, although the supply of rich admirers of both sexes seemed endless. Much of his magic consisted in the dressing out of a very full bisexual existence among rather sordid partners with drugs to help (he was one of the first to experiment with mescaline). Every orgasm was made part of a ritual. His

downfall came when he invited Betty May, "Tiger woman," an old fizzioman model, out to Cefalu with her husband, Raoul Lovelady who had come down from Oxford with a first in history and drifted to the Café Royal underworld. He died in Crowley's "Abbey of Thleme" at Cefalu, probably of typhoid but some of his Oxford friends started an agitation, which was taken up by the Press. There were stories of black magic, infant and animal sacrifices, and Crowley was expelled from Italy. Neither his finances, nor his magic powers completely recovered, and the Great Beast's last thoughts were

5.35 pm. Certainly I want heroin but almost anything else would do just as well. I am A.D. A girl or a game of chess would fill the gap. But I've just enough pep for revision or research. 7 pm. Yes this does set going a mournful train of thought, mostly about my lost

variables. All my careless folly. What an ass I am! Will heroin help me to forget it?

Mr Symonds is Crowley's literary executor. The present Life is an expanded reversion of two earlier books (1951, 1958). It does the Beast proud, and would have appealed to his sense of humour, being such a travesty of official biographies, equally painstaking, sincere and imaginative, but occupied with the opposite of what is usually considered to make life worth living. It's worth reading, if only as a contribution to the problem of evil.

Evil is an accumulation of power from the destructive impulses or the collective unconscious. It can be personified as spring is personified, and the Devil is a name for this personification. It is more than just the absence of good or the presence of error, for it can swallow into mob violence or mass hysteria. Cruelty is infectious as well as stupid. I am going along with

Mr Colin Wilson, who finds the Collective Unconscious a useful concept. He likes to make the mind responsible for most phenomena except possibly flying saucers, which seem to have been called in lately, perhaps on account of some structural defect.

Mr Wilson's enormously long book is the result of many years investigation of the occult. It is almost an encyclopedia; but it differs from Lewis Spence's or Nandor Fodor's because his book, as he tells us, is a personal record of conviction. What is his conviction? That rational man is played out, that humanity must cultivate Faculty X, the psychic powers which put us touch with the universe, mystical apprehensions which all can experience for odd moments, but which can be made to play a larger and larger part. "It seems to me that the reality of life after death has been established beyond all reasonable doubt."

Mr Wilson's mental processes are akin to Aldous Huxley's.

Serotonin is a chemical that is connected with concentration and Faculty X. The Bee-tree, the tree under which the Buddha is said to have achieved enlightenment, produces better, the zodiacal types all look as if they were straight from the Scamp belt.

If "magic" is the "science" of the future (Colin Wilson) we will be having our fill of Paracelsus, Nostradamus, Cagliostro, Jung and Gurdjieff.

An interesting Crowley-free account of the world of magic is Kurt Seligman's. He was a Surrealist painter, and he brings some taste and discipline to his imaginative account. The Compleat Astrologer is a fine coffee-table book which gives tables enabling everyone born since 1900 to calculate their nativity.

I wish I liked the colourful illustrations better: the zodiacal

types all look as if they were

straight from the Scamp belt.

"We return to the theme of the opening chapters: man's

future lies in the cultivation of Faculty X."

I am very impressed by this book, not only by its erudition but by the marshalling of it, and above all by the good-humoured, unaffected narrative charm of the author whose reasoning is never too far-fetched, who is never carried away by preposterous theories.

Back to the Tarot for fortunetelling or just contemplation, there's nothing vulgar about these medieval symbols, the Pipe, Emperor, Fool, Wizard, I do not see the Hanged Man — not a dying God as Eliot suggested, but Truth, staring at us upside down.

## Times present

**THE TWENTIETH CENTURY** edited by Alan Bullock

Thames & Hudson £8.40 pp 371

**THE TIMES HISTORY OF OUR TIMES** edited by Marcus Cunliffe Weidentfeld & Nicolson £6 pp 416

**FREDERIC RAPHAEL**

**THE LAST MAN** who knew everything died at the end of the eighteenth century; I forgot his name. The rate of growth of man's knowledge is now greater than any single brain's capacity to keep up with it. (There, we are told, unlikely to be any nuclear physicist in contact with the whole field of nuclear physics.) The present is already out of sight, the future may never come. Since we are now writing off generations yet unborn, there is I suppose something appropriate in a gaggle of distinguished academics getting together to write the obituary of a century which has not even died yet.

The Twentieth Century brings up to date a series that began with *The Dawn of Civilisation*. A lot of articles have been commissioned and a lot of illustrations chosen since the first stone artefact. There seems no obvious reason why the present volume should be any less authoritative or intellectually respectable than its predecessors, but in fact there is something dammingly false in assimilating to a series concerned with eras which are, so to say, closed books, a collection of match reports on a game still in progress.

The volume is said to be edited by Dr Bullock, but the humble tasks of proof-reading must have been beneath him; indeed, like the everlasting arms, they were beneath everyone. One's impression is of a hurried collation of instant prose, a great paella of indigestible styles saffroned over with jowlsome and larded with statements almost too tendentious for 1066 And All That.

For instance, Professor Herbert Nichols would have us believe that the Japanese surrender would never have taken place without the dropping of both atomic bombs. His chapter on America may be well-judged for the American market, but it seems to me a Panglossian truism. We are given the usual wodges of colour and black and white illustration, but who would guess from the selection that

photography itself was an art-form of our times? There are errors in the chronological tables. The index is an index as a glass eye is an eye, it avoids anyone remarking its absence.

The best sections are those by Professor Stephen Toulmin on science and for those who like the history of ideas to be presented by someone who has no trouble in not intruding his own by Anthony Quinton. Toulmin quotes a scientist at the first atomic test as saying, "We are all sons of bitches now."

It is characteristic of the whole flaccid elaborate production that it contains not a single bold idea, not a single telling judgment and not a single provoking prediction. ( Might not somebody — perhaps Arthur C. Clarke — have projected an account of the next thirty years and of what needs to be done if we are to be alive to evaluate it?)

After the pundits, the journeymen. *The Times History of Our Times* is more modest in scope — only a quarter of a century, but more pages for three-quarters of the price—and less loquacious with professors. It is a credit to its editor, Professor Marcus Cunliffe, (every ship must have its captain), and to the majority of its contributors, that they have responded with enthusiasm and even some asperity to their assignments. Patrick Keay writes trenchantly on "The Commonwealth And Britain" and does not hesitate to offer a cold douche to our remaining illusions. His tart comment on one of them, Mr Edward Heath, would disqualify him. were he an academic, from any professorship in the gift of the present Ministry.

Many of the other writers are working journalists. They bring an eye for significant detail—Neal Ascherson on Eastern Europe, Chie Nakane on Japan, Julio Halperin Donghi on Latin America—to those areas where grandiose waffle can so easily turn one off. The sections on the arts, though workmanlike in the case of Ronald Hayman, prove once more how willing critics are to take most seriously those who write the most impressive prospectuses. Anyone would think that aesthetic manifestoes were the key form of our time. The lack of colour printing means that the reproductions of modern painting, for instance of Mark Rothko, are more gestures towards comprehension. The photographs, however, are well chosen and the analytic tables both clear and helpful.

## SHORT REPORTS

The Photographs by Vassilis Vassiliou, translated from the Greek by Mike Edwards (Secker & Warburg, £1.90). Cinematic jumble of love making, political satire and seedy evocation by author of "Z". Young Greek film maker returns to home-town to indulge in youthful reminiscences of childhood sensitivity. Flashbacks and fantasy, at one stage portraying hero as cat, confuse and amuse the reader.

A Virtual Image by Rosalind Brackenbury (Macmillan £2). With a panting holiday in view, Roy McMillan turns to drama, the Camargue, in search of his friend, Anna. The latter proves increasingly mysterious and elusive and the quest takes on a deeper significance not without macabre encounters. Splendidly written and very gripping.

Pamela by Colin Thubron (Secker & Warburg, £1.90). After his daughter's murder and wife's suicide, Rod comes Brighton under cover for revenge. Through variety of criminal contacts, including retarded dwarf and lecherous burglar, he eventually confronts pathetic killer. Sleepy Macmillan may be amateurish and sympathetic but gets into mind of sexual pervert.

A Chance To Sit Down by Meredith Daneman (Michael Joseph, £1.90). Fascinating peek behind the scenes in the life of a ballet dancer: iron discipline, emotional frustrations, fears of wassing of tights are the lot of Barbara, who is defeated at every turn in her attempts to make a career and lead a normal happy life. First novel of considerable skill.

Country Matters by Fred Bassett (André Deutsch £2). Derek, 27, Catholic and a virgin, leaves his Lancashire home for London, his fears tingling with his father's warning of dire perils to come. He recalls his undistinguished career in the army, rivalry with his younger brother, and Derek looks up in London, takes up teaching with religious fervour, but finds no satisfaction and little sex. A racy, impudent story, quite unsuitable, but funny in parts.

## PETER LANYON

To coincide with the Peter Lanyon exhibition at the Basil Jacobs Gallery, we are publishing a superb monograph of his work on 18th November. The book is introduced by Naum Gabo and written by Andrew Causey. It has 80 plates, of which 38 are in full colour. Price £9.

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## Engendering monsters

**THE OCCULT** by Colin Wilson/Hodder & Stoughton £4.50 pp 601

**THE GREAT BEAST, the life and magic of Aleister Crowley** by John Symonds/Macdonald £4.75 pp 413

**MAGIC SUPERNATURALISM AND RELIGION** by Kurt Seligman Allen Lane The Penguin Press £4 pp 342

**THE DEVIL AND ALL HIS WORKS** by Dennis Wheatley/Hutchinson £4.50 pp 302

**WHAT WITCHES DO** by Stewart Farrar/Peter Davies £2.50

**THE TAROT SPEAKS** by Richard Gardner/Rigel Press £1.50

**THE COMPLEAT ASTROLOGER** by Derek and Julia Parker Mitchell Beazley £5.95 pp 256

**CYRIL CONNOLLY**

downfall came when he invited Betty May, "Tiger woman," an old fizzioman model, out to Cefalu with her husband, Raoul Lovelady who had come down from Oxford with a first in history and drifted to the Café Royal underworld. He died in Crowley's "Abbey of Thleme" at Cefalu, probably of typhoid but some of his Oxford friends started an agitation, which was taken up by the Press. There were stories of black magic, infant and animal sacrifices, and Crowley was expelled from Italy. Neither his finances, nor his magic powers completely recovered, and the Great Beast's last thoughts were

5.35 pm. Certainly I want heroin but almost anything else would do just as well. I am A.D. A girl or a game of chess would fill the gap. But I've just enough pep for revision or research. 7 pm. Yes this does set going a mournful train of thought, mostly about my lost

variables. All my carelessness folly. What an ass I am! Will heroin help me to forget it?

Mr Symonds is Crowley's literary executor. The present Life is an expanded reversion of two earlier books (1951, 1958).

It does the Beast proud, and would have appealed to his sense of humour, being such a travesty of official biographies, equally

painstaking, sincere and imaginative, but occupied with the opposite of what is usually considered

to make life worth living. It's

worth reading, if only as a contribution to the problem of evil.

Evil is an accumulation of power from the destructive impulses or the collective unconscious.

It can be personified as spring is personified, and the Devil is a name for this personification.

It is more than just the absence of good or the presence of error, for it can swallow into mob violence or mass hysteria.

Cruelty is infectious as well as stupid. I am going along with

Mr Wilson, who finds the Collective Unconscious a useful concept.

He likes to make the mind responsible for most phenomena except possibly flying

saucers, which seem to have been called in lately, perhaps on account of some structural defect.

Mr Wilson's enormously long

book is the result of many years

investigation of the occult. It is

almost an encyclopedia; but it

differs from Lewis Spence's or

Nandor Fodor's because his

book, as he tells us, is a personal

record of conviction. What is his

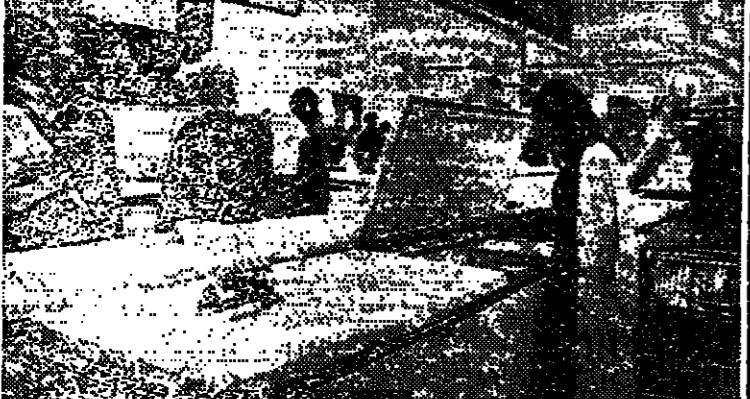
conviction? That rational man is

played out, that humanity must



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## Open house at less cost

"I'm not really a do-it-yourself man at all," says Alan Fletcher, one of the design partners and founders of the Crosby/Fletcher/Forbes team. "But quite simply I was short of money. I'd paid so much more for the house than I'd ever expected so that I had no option."

When he bought it the house was a collection of dark, dank rooms tucked off a Notting Hill Gate crescent and it housed seven people. Now it is light and airy, open-plan with hardly any doors, no corridors and no floors. Much of the work Alan Fletcher either did himself or supervised using local handymen. "In the end I realised I understood most things better than anybody else," he says. "And I was driven to organising it through lack of money."

It all goes to show what a shortage of cash can do.

As you can see from the picture the house is colourful, gay and full of visual interest.

The central core of the house was ripped out and instead of having doors, separate rooms and walls the whole ground floor is open-plan with the separate areas defined by the arrangement of the furniture. A beautiful cast-iron staircase, rescued from the old Paddington Town Hall, links the ground floor with the airy landings, one housing Alan Fletcher's desk and study area, the other their bed.

Alan Fletcher didn't do everything himself. As he put it:

I quickly learned what I could do and what I couldn't. I discovered that there were skills I simply hadn't got. Carpentry, for instance. I simply could not cut the edges straight. So I got someone else to do it. Plastering too, I found was a skill I just couldn't get right. I adopted a very simple principle with the walls. I decided to pull off everything soft until I came to something hard, then I stopped and painted it white. It seemed to work. I wanted to paint the beams black but they were all ridged with woodworm so I had to rip them out and we were left with a complete shell.

To make the floors that were



An ex-municipal staircase, no corridors, no curtains and a lot of do-it-yourself

to form the landing I just got the cheapest wood pine, and I bought joist hangers and fixed those to the ceiling and then dropped the planks of wood into them. I did all the electrical work in the house myself. It isn't a skill, it's just a matter of putting the right-coloured wires together in the right way.

I had a quote for £250 for doing all the wiring in the house. It seemed a lot so I bought The Electrician's Mate for 3s 6d and did it all myself. It cost me £25. I made several rules to simplify things—everything wood stayed plain wood. If I had to paint anything (like a wall) it became white. If it was metal it became black. This is what I call design in an economic way. In the same way I only have black ties and socks; it makes it so much easier getting dressed in the morning.

When it came to painting furniture I went to Simpsons (off Edgware Road) and I bought three lots of polyurethane paint.

The sofas were devised by me (apart from the Chesterfield that is). The bases are formed from slatted doors laid on a wooden batten, then there are rubber

foam mattresses simply covered with a mattress straight on the floor with a mattress on the bed. One of the blankets that I always try to bring back from abroad.

For our bed we got a box-spring with a mattress straight on the floor (the space under the bed was originally used for chamber-pots, if you don't use them, why keep the space to collect stuff)?

Then I bought two whitewood units that matched up, backed them up against the bed to form a headboard. One is painted blue, one green. This way you get not only a headboard but somewhere to put the clothes as well. The bed is covered in a patchwork bedspread which Paola (Alan's Italian wife) crocheted.

Everything in the kitchen is open—there are no doors or covered-in cupboards. Tiled-and-ground pine is on the walls and into it are stuck nails on which all the utensils hang.

The Fletcher's work on the principle that if something is used often it gets cleaned often; if it isn't used often enough to stay clean it shouldn't be there at all. All the shelving is Remploy's simple, standard system and the cupboards in the dining-area are just Remploy shelves with doors made for them by a local carpenter.

Most of the furniture is based on such simple ideas. Alan Fletcher's desk is formed from two bits of blackboard, edged in wood and covered with black lino to give a good working surface. If the lino gets marked, you just change it. The whole house is full of ingenious ideas, showing how with a little effort, plenty of imagination and flair, you can make do with surprisingly little of that old-fashioned commodity, fad.

Lucia van der Post

# LOOK!

Edited by Allan Hall

## Friends: first of a series

"I'M MORE at ease with people older than myself. I always used to get on with older people, it's been a tendency all my life. I don't know why exactly, maybe because I was the youngest in the family and then I was always very close to my father. There's one great friend I have in Edinburgh who's nearly 70, and we put ourselves out for her in every way when she comes to London."

The nice thing is that one goes on making friends all one's life. Children are a great source of friends, the parents of one's children's friends. We draw friends from a lot of sources. We have old Chelsea friends and constituency friends and friends we know in Kent. There are friends from the days when I was doing chemistry at Oxford. I know one or two lawyers, one or two women who are married or widowed people leading very ordinary lives. Then my husband has all his rugged cronies and I have a circle of political friends. I would regard my political pair, Charlie Pannell as a great friend, although he's quite opposite to me politically, because I can talk to him about personal matters. I can go up to him and say "Look, it's my wedding anniversary, I don't really want to come in today" and he'll understand perfectly. It's a matter of feeling at ease with people that marks friends from the circle of acquaintance.

One of my greatest friends is a widow I knew from my Dartford days and she takes the children to the pictures. If we have tickets for the theatre we could ring her up very late and ask her without her feeling she'd been asked at the last minute.

I rarely go and stay with friends for a weekend. I don't like staying in other people's homes for very long. When I'm working hard all week I prefer to relax in my own home. If I had friends round I'd like just to talk in a very relaxed atmosphere over a drink. Just talking really, I don't play sports at all.

I don't think you see so much of your friends if you have a family. I really can't imagine how people in politics and so on manage without a family life. I need a settled and contented home life, where you can go home and have unconditional affection and loyalty.

I'm a naturally hard worker which does get in the way of seeing friends. I get a bit worried sometimes thinking of when I retire—which I hope is a long way away—and I think one could be very lonely. I'd have to make a terrific effort, maybe I could spend the first year of my retirement simply seeing friends. I'm not that fond of my own company.

She caught my eye  
and lent an ear  
while I gave tongue.  
I offered my arm  
She took my hand.  
When I gave her my heart  
She threw back her head  
and showed me a clear pair  
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Bill Belcher

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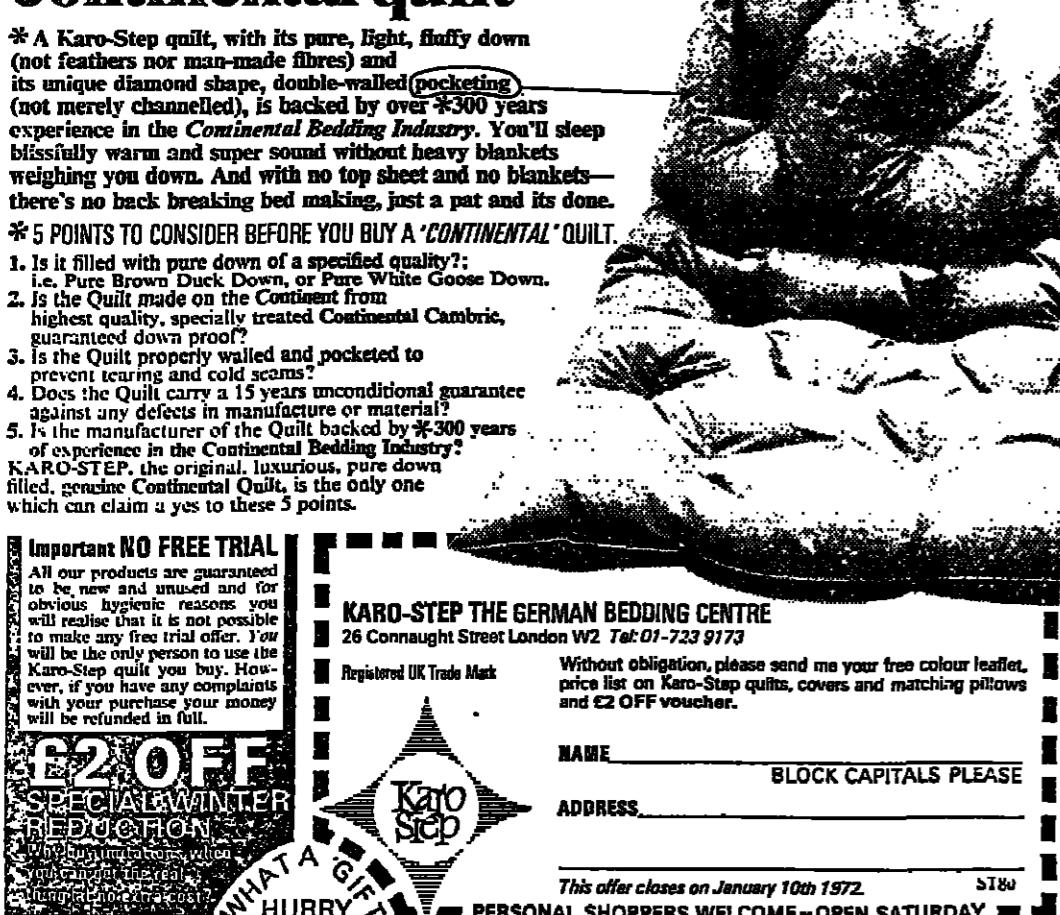
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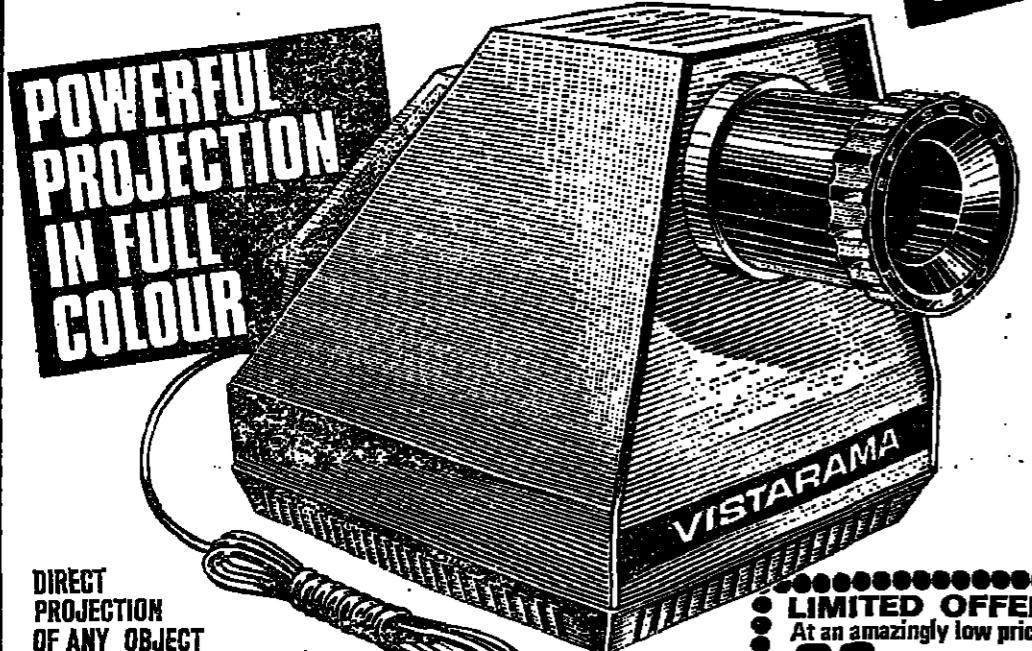




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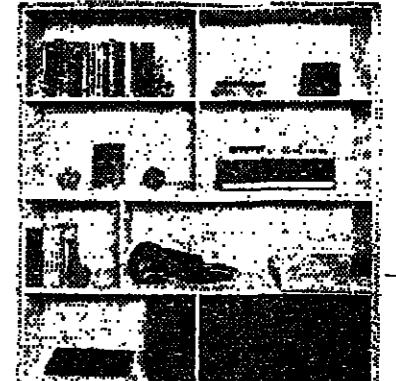
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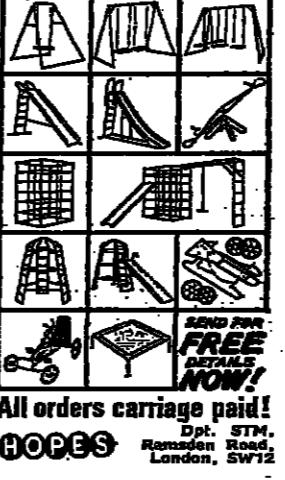
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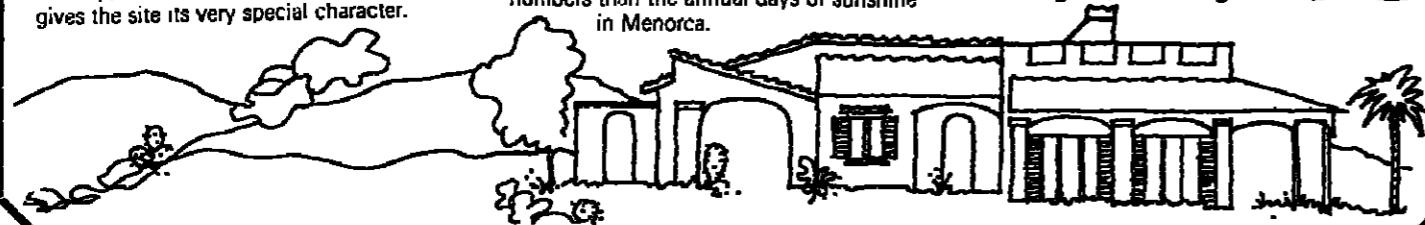
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